Reciprocity

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/358642.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Underage Sex

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Everwood

Relationship:
Bright Abbott/Ephram Brown

Characters:
Bright Abbott, Ephram Brown

Language:
English

Collections:
Anonymous

Stats:
Published: 2012-03-08 Words: 2,050 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

And then Ephram's head turns a little, and he starts kissing Bright's neck, very slow, very -- Bright doesn't want to use the word 'sensual' because it's really gay-sounding, but yeah, maybe that.

"I'm sorry," Ephram says. "You want me to what?"

Bright shifts a little from foot to foot, looking at the wall directly over Ephram's head. "Well I just figured, you know. You're from New York. And then you went to Europe! I mean, I thought ... " His eyes shift down just long enough to see that, yep, Ephram is indeed giving him one of those Looks.

"I -- I'd asked where you were raised that you think like this, but now I live here."

Bright's not totally sure if the disgust in Ephram's voice is for him or Everwood, but either way, this is definitely not going the way he wanted it to.

"It could be fun?" Bright offers, but he ... somehow doesn't feel it will be very convincing.

"I really don't see how me giving you a blowjob is going to be any fun. For me." He just had to get that last part in there, didn't he, Bright thinks with regret. Always quicker than the competition.

"Well ... maybe ... I could ..." Okay, wait. He knows the word for this. Shit, shit. Starts with an r. Like, four syllables. Um. "Give ... you one back?" Great. So he ... sounds like a moron, as well as a gay sex peddler. This is gonna go well.

Ephram's head snaps up. "You'd what," he says; it's not even a question, so heavy is the disbelief in his voice. But it also sounds heavy with ... huh. Bright squints at Ephram a little, and when their eyes finally meet, Ephram's widen a little. So Bright takes that as encouragement and moves forward, crouching next to the chair Ephram is sitting on.

"Bright," Ephram says, and he sounds like he means it. Bright reaches out and brushes the pad of his thumb across Ephram's lips, and Ephram's eyes open even wider.

"Bright," Ephram says again, and he sounds breathy and a little desperate. "You don't want to do thi--" But he doesn't get to finish; the end of his word is swallowed up by the soft press of Bright's lips against his. Ephram makes a funny sound against Bright's mouth, but then his lips soften and he kisses back. And Bright had thought that kissing guys would be kind of gross, but Ephram's a pretty good kisser. When Bright pulls back, he looks kind of dazed. "You... uh. You're

serious."

Bright just nods. "So, uh... do you want me to do you first, or what?"

Ephram rolls his eyes. "You're not really going to give me a blowjob. You're so going to chicken out."

Bright scowls. "Asshole." And now he has to prove Ephram wrong. He gets to his knees and unbuttons and unzips Ephram's fly, pushing his pants and briefs down. And... hunh. That would be Ephram's dick, sorta staring at him. Bright stares back.

Ephram sighs, and starts pulling his pants back up. "See? You can't do it. This is so not a good idea."

Ephram is such a little jerk sometimes. "Hey, wait. Jeez, 'scuse a guy for pausing to think." He puts his hand on Ephram's hip, pinning him to the couch, and wraps his other hand around the base of his dick. He hesitates, then licks a stripe along the shaft. It doesn't taste bad, just tastes like skin, so he does it again.

Ephram makes a funny sound, and Bright smirks up at him. "Don't *stop!*" Ephram says, his voice still sounding funny. So Bright gets back to it because Ephram is a pushy bitch, and sees how much of Ephram's dick he can fit into his mouth. Which, hey, is apparently a lot. He never thought that not having a gag reflex would come in handy before.

Ephram continues making funny noises, and Bright tries sucking a little bit, remembering what he likes on himself. Ephram seems to like that, too, and his hands clench in Bright's hair. Which is kind of hot, and Bright sucks harder, bobbing his head a bit.

Ephram's cock is really far back in his throat now, and Ephram's hips are jerking, and his fist is clenching and unclenching in Bright's hair. All signs point to him coming soon, which is good, because Bright's mouth and throat are getting a little raw. Ephram says something which could be a warning or could just be a random moan; just to be safe, Bright pulls off, which is good because Ephram then comes almost immediately.

... Okay, that was way, way too close a call. Bright makes a note to himself: if you're gonna give head, learn to swallow. Because, seriously ... he's not even sure how to get that out of the carpet. And he really, really can't ask his mom.

He wipes off his cheek with the side of his fist, and makes a face at what his hand picks up. "Kinda gross, dude," he says conversationally, but Ephram is busy trying to fall over the back of the sofa and making little breathy noises. On the plus side, it seems he's not bad at this.

"Ephram." Bright puts a hand (not ... the one with the semen on it) on Ephram's knee and shakes it a little. "Ephram. Dude. Come back to Earth."

Ephram finally slumps back into something resembling sitting upright, and looks at Bright. "I ... can't belive you did that," he says. Bright beams.

"Pretty great, huh?" He wipes his sticky hand off on Ephram's pants while he figures he's distracted.

"Don't flatter yourself," Ephram says weakly. "It's just been a while."

Bright snorts. "Dude, come on. That was so not convincing." He hops up from his crouch and plants himself on the sofa beside Ephram. Ephram's head rolls over to rest on Bright's shoulder. Bright pats him awkwardly on the head, and then uses the same hand to pat himself on the crotch. "C'mon," he says cheerfully. "Your turn."

Ephram's eyes coast downward, and then back up in .... generally the direction of Bright's chin. "You've got to be kidding me," he says, and finds his head abruptly resting on nothing as Bright jumps off the sofa.

"No, dude. That was the deal! I only did this so you'd do me; I mean, I'm the one whose girlfriend won't put out here." Possibly ... the girlfriend was a bad thing to bring up, as Ephram's eyes darkened a little before they closed completely.

"Ephram," Bright says insistently, less in a give me a blowjob! way than in a dude, stop being an emo little bitch way, although definitely that first one, too.

"What," Ephram snaps, and seriously, it's absolutely not fair that Bright can give Ephram a blowjob that, by all accounts, Ephram really enjoyed, and Ephram can still get pissed at him. What's up with that? Why can't he ever make anyone happy? Sex makes him happy, and yet trying to have it with people he likes never goes well.

"You shouldn't be fucking around on Hannah," Ephram says, and his voice is still kind of soft and strangled-sounding. Bright rolls his eyes.

"You shouldn't be complaining. I mean, I don't think too many people are clamoring to give you head these days." Okay, wait, he knows the insulting-people-he-wants-to-have-smoochies-with tact never works; why the fuck does he keep doing it? Sometimes, he thinks he kind of fails at relationships, and would consider moving to the middle of nowhere to never see anyone, but well, he already lives in the middle of nowhere, and he sees people all the time.

Okay, wait, also. Since when does he want to have smoochies with Ephram? Blowjob exchange, sure, that's ... okay, possibly not exactly normal, but you know. Not weird. Okay, maybe a little weird. But that's not the point! The point is ... uh.

He relents and sits down again, collapsing on the sofa next to Ephram, who is managing to look exhausted and angry all at once. He sits close enough to nudge him with his shoulder.

"Bright, don't," Ephram snaps, and moves away. But ... not very far, because now he's scrunched up against the arm of the sofa, so Bright just scoots a little further in. He considers pulling the yawn move, but decides against the pretense on the grounds that a) lame and b) really lame and just throws an arm around Ephram.

Ephram stiffens, but Bright doesn't move, except to squeeze Ephram's shoulder a bit, and finally he relaxes, and even rests his head up against Bright.

Bright curls his arm a little tighter around Ephram, and -- yep. Yep, they are definitely cuddling. Okay, cuddling with Ephram. He ... can get behind this, it seems. Or ... next to it. Whatever. At any rate, he figures now would probably be a bad time to ask again for his blowjob.

And then Ephram's head turns a little, and he starts kissing Bright's neck, very slow, very -- Bright doesn't want to use the word 'sensual' because it's really gay-sounding, but yeah, maybe that. Nice, at any rate. He arches his neck back a little, to give Ephram some more room, and shivers when Ephram licks a stripe up the side of his neck.

"Oh," Bright says, very quietly, and Ephram does it again. He lets his eyes slip shut, and Ephram gnaws a little on his collarbone, sending shivers all through him. This was a very, very good idea. He should proposition apparently-straight guys more often.

"Bright," Ephram whispers against his neck, and he can almost feel it as much as he hears it which is really kind of weird, but in a cool way,

and he really hopes this is leading to that blowjob after all because if it's not, seriously, coming in his pants is going to be really embarrassing.

He sort of leans down to nuzzle the top of Ephram's head, which is totally lame, but seriously, he's in dire straits here. And then -- oh yes, oh god yes -- Ephram's hand presses flush against his chest and trails slowly, slowly downward.

His hips actually buck up a little when Ephram's hand presses against his crotch, and -- it's not like he's never been in this situation before -- or well, not exactly this situation; generally when here's a hand on his penis there wasn't, you know, previously a penis in his mouth, and -- woah, he didn't actually expect to get a bit harder thinking about that. Okay. Reevaluate priorities later, because Ephram's stroking him just a little, and -- it feels really good.

"Um," Bright manages to get out, but it's kind of a lot of effort. "Could you --" but he didn't actually have to say anything because Ephram's hand was already on the button of his jeans, and -- okay, he's never been able to do that one-handed; obviously all that piano playing is good for something. And then he stops thinking completely because there's still fabric between them but boxers are way, way thinner than denim, and maybe he should never wear pants. Just, for easy access and ... he really has to stop thinking.

He was actually having some trouble breathing already, and then Ephram's fumbling with the slit in his boxes, and then -- oh, god. Oh god. Ephram's hand is actually wrapped around his penis and all Bright can think for a few seconds (after the OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD fades) is don't come now, seriously, last at least a minute, this is going to be really embarrassing if-- and then Ephram's hand starts to move, and really, he doesn't have a chance.

Ephram laughs a little, breathy against Bright's collarbone, and pulls his hand out of Bright's pants so slowly that it's actually probably against the -- the Geneva Convention, or whatever it is that says you have to be nice to prisoners of war. Although at the moment Bright is more of a prisoner of, um, sex or something, and he kind of wonders if anyone's made porno like that, and if that's against the Constitution, and then he realizes Ephram's laughing at him and he tries -- honestly he tries -- to glare at him, but his eyes won't stay open.

"You were being a tease," he finally manages to say, although there are significant pauses between some of the words. But hopefully

Ephram will correctly interpret post-orgasmic Bright-speak and realize that Bright usually has more stamina than that. Usually. Ephram, though, he's always a special case.

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